



NOW THEN.

DAN BIRKBECK. DEAD SPACE. ECCENTRIC RESEARCH COUNCIL.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 59. FREE.

MANAGEMENT.	JAMES LOCK.
EDITOR.	SAM WALBY.
DESIGN & LAYOUT.	FEEDBACKER DESIGN.
ADVERTISING.	BEN JACKSON. JAMES LOCK.
ADMIN & FINANCE.	SARA HILL.
PROOF & COPY.	SAM WALBY. FELICITY HEIDEN.
AD DESIGN.	FEEDBACKER DESIGN.
DISTRIBUTION.	OPUS DISTRO.
CONTRIBUTORS.	ALT-SHEFF. GEOFF MACKAY. MAX EVERETT. PETE MELLA. SAM WALBY. CASSIE KILL. KOMAL KHAN. JOE KRISS. STAN SKINNY. HELEN MORT. JOHN HEGLEY. ROBIN LOVELACE. NEWSTHUMP. PAUL RAVEN. TRISTAN SHORROCK. PETE MARTIN. CHRIS ARNOLD. JACK SCOURFIELD. ED WOOLLEY. TOM BELSHAW. TASHA FRANEK. JACK OPUS. JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.

NOW THEN IS A FREE MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE IN SHEFFIELD.

We aim to cultivate choice, voice and responsibility by providing a platform for independent art, trade, music, writing and local news. We support Sheffield's economy by only working with independent traders, community groups, charities and local government.

Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

WRITER? MUSICIAN? ARTIST?
SAM@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM

POET?
JOE@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM

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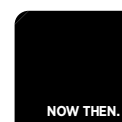
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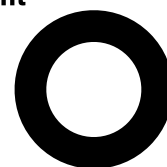
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Original design & layout by Matt Jones.

Enjoy the read.



Evolutionprint



EDITORIAL.

We are back in print after a brief break last month with an art submission from Manchester-based graffiti artist and illustrator Dan Birkbeck. This is also our first mag with new designer Scott Greenway at the helm. We have got great things planned for this year, so keep your eye out for us.

This issue includes articles on The Full Monty, bird watching, Fairtrade food and empty spaces in Sheffield, as well as interviews with journalist and lecturer Jonathan Foster, comedy poet John Hegley and local synth twiddlers Eccentric Research Council.

As ever, if you have feedback on the magazine or fancy trying your hand at writing for Now Then, give me a shout on sam@nowthenmagazine.com

Sam.

A TRIBUTE.

As we mourn the passing of Okoth Timothy Dulo (or Okie), who was taken from us in early January after a short illness, it is important that we also recognise his hugely significant contribution to the local underground music and art scenes. From Dulo to Sawa, through to his event bars and involvement with Tramlines Festival, his ability to be a driving force within music and culture in the city of Sheffield has been invaluable.

As a man, he simply wanted to bring people together to forget about their differences and have a good time. The thousands of friendships and relationships established under his creative supervision are one part of his enormous legacy. As someone else has summed up so well, and now immortalised in a piece by Kid Acne – Okie. Big Man. Big Heart. Big Smile. Rest in Peace brother. It really won't be the same around here without you.

Scott Moncrieff & Och Dulo.

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LOCAL CHECK.

THE FULL MONTY.
HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

The film *The Full Monty* put Sheffield on the map as a city with humour, depth and even a bit of sexiness. You had to live here to know just how funny the opening sequence is, contrasting a glossy publicity film from 1970s Sheffield with the grim reality 25 years later.

Of course, there never was a golden age, but there had been better times. Industrial decline hit us hard, as investment went overseas to squeeze higher profits from lower wages. When the film came out, the 1997 elections had put to an end the long wilderness of Thatcherism and all that followed. The *Full Monty* really referred back to those Conservative decades, but the New Labour era was starting, so in a mainly socialist city like ours there was a sense of renewal and optimism. Strange timing then, perhaps, to resurrect the story in a stage version now premiering at the Lyceum Theatre.

The original film release coincided with the shock death of Princess Diana. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I don't think most people in Sheffield really care much for the royal family. Grief-stricken as we were expected to be by the media, it was simply a sad death within the elite British establishment. Some people undoubtedly felt they "knew" or "loved" her but this is largely love of a symbol, a created figure, arguably part of the celebrity culture of monarchy. It's an insubstantial thing beside the huge wealth of the Queen and her entourage, the powerful business and political connections globally, the ongoing secretive influence which only banquets can buy. We will surely never know if the conspiracy theories were true. Was she killed by British secret services? For falling in love with a Muslim?

People don't care, do they? Well, yes, we are still partying like it's 1997. Two more royal weddings paraded out, a jubilee and now a royal pregnancy. Oh God, please make it stop. It's becoming a soap opera; a fantasy of a vastly wealthy family to distract us from the fact that if it's on telly it probably isn't true. What we know of it isn't truth. It's a glossy, shiny veneer to hypnotise and turn our heads away from the pavement, and real life.

The truth is Sheffield's growing number of food banks; To Let signs on empty buildings; the fight for headline-pay jobs; cuts which really do reduce quality of life. People can't afford to do things. They fall between the cracks, into debt, hunger, desperation. In Spain last year, after a rise in suicides following evictions, the locksmiths of the city of Pamplona voted to cease co-operating with throwing out families, old, young and disabled people. How fantastic it would be to see people here making such connections and acting on them. "I'm not political," some people say. It's their choice. It's a rejection of a political viewpoint on life. When life feels free and easy it's hardly surprising to find this a common attitude, but when the cold winds blow, and the food runs out, things can change, sometimes quite rapidly.

The *Full Monty* isn't an overtly political story, but it's real politics; it's based in our real lives. Yorkshire-born screenwriter Simon Beaufoy, now working on the stage version, speaking in the *Sheffield Telegraph* recently observed that a "feeling of hopelessness has returned". "The people making decisions don't care... they can't see... Sheffield is not on their radar from Chipping Norton." True words indeed. In Austerity Britain we're all "in it together", but some people are in it up to their necks, while others are happily getting through a few puddles in their 4x4s.

Also look out for *Two Tribes*, a forthcoming musical about the 1984 miners' strike. This is another piece involving South Yorkshire, being put together by local heroes like Ralph Razor and Pulp violinist Russell Senior. Politics aside, it's good to see Sheffield people and history put on the stage, and given some respect, even as other things seem to be melting into thin air.

alt-sheff.org

DEAD SPACE.

LAST SHOWING - THE ADELPHI CINEMA.
GEOFF MACKAY & MAX EVERETT.

The number of buildings falling into a state of disuse in our city is on the rise. Whether this is down to the economic climate or bad investment decisions, the problem is here and will not get any better until people, place and identity are higher on the list of development priorities. Sheffield is unique, and its sense of possibility is stronger than our northern neighbours, whose souls, you could argue, have already been sold. The answer may be to spend less trying to keep up with the Joneses, embrace our differences and focus on the neglected and abandoned.

The majority of these structures may not seem architecturally striking. But amongst the empty modernist ideals of 60s and 70s, or even the seemingly un-rentable pseudo-modern Blairboxes, there are also pre-war listed buildings with plenty of historical and social value that lay dormant. This article aims to encourage discussion on the past and future of these lost spaces. In the process, we hope to stimulate forgotten memories and generate new interest in the subject.

In its heyday Sheffield had as many as 45 cinemas, most of them independents. All the originals bar two - The Showroom and The Odeon - have been closed, demolished, used as bingo halls or converted for commercial use. Most served their various villages and parishes as the main focal point for leisure. As many as eight were connected through one line on the old tram system.

The more recent SuperTram network leads us to Attercliffe and its film hub, the Grade II listed Adelphi Cinema on Vicarage Road. Designed by Architect William C Fenton and built in 1918, the 1,350-capacity picture house opened its doors to the public on 18th October 1920 with a now somewhat fitting feature named Auction of Souls. During the Second World War it suffered repeated bomb damage but was afterwards restored to its former glory.

With its red brick facade, ornate brick details and decorative lattice windows, the three bays emphasised by the central giant arch and projecting pilasters in bold Baroque Revival style give it a sense of symmetry and proportion. Continuing this theme, there is a little dome that sits on a projecting square tower which has four oddly shaped oval windows. Internally the space has many features that still give it a sense

of luxury and grandeur, from the wide staircases and striking granite floors to the wonderfully detailed ceilings.

The building closed as a cinema in 1976 with a double bill showing The Karate Killers and The Rounders starring Glenn Ford. It was then converted into a bingo hall until the mid 90s. Shortly after its foray into the world of bingo it became a renowned nightclub, at one point housing nights like Gatecrasher and Uprising.

Since the Adelphi was built as an attraction venue, we believe this function could yet be a means for this illustrious building to have a vibrant future. If it became a significant destination in the area it might also enhance the regeneration effort and promote Attercliffe as a prominent gateway for those arriving into the city centre from the north via the M1. With the area being on the SuperTram link and a short trip away from the Don Valley entertainment scene, the new Adelphi would be able to draw patrons from the other parts of the city as well.

We also believe that the link with the visual arts needs to be maintained while at the same time bringing something original and innovative to Sheffield. One concept that we envisage for a refreshed Adelphi is to use the existing layout to create a stylish multipurpose space which fits neatly into the city's plans for the regeneration of the surrounding district. Our concept would have the main part of the Adelphi transformed into a quality restaurant housed within the auditorium space, with the surrounding walls and spaces used for exhibitions by dynamic local artists who could prepare installations specifically for this purpose.

Granted, the idea would require careful planning, but if a suitable restaurateur could be found and the right mix of art and good food could be achieved, the Adelphi would once again be an attraction for the people of Sheffield and beyond. All it needs is a dose of imaginative investment.

If you have any interesting photos, stories or experiences from the Adelphi in its active years, please let us know - everettmackay.co.uk/contact-us

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BIRDING.

A SECRET WORLD OF LITTLE DRAMAS.
PETE MELLA.

My name's Pete and I'm a birdwatcher.

It's funny how much that sounds like a confession, even though in reality I've just admitted to being involved in one of the most fascinating and exhilarating hobbies there is.

I sense some of you are not convinced.

I suspect many of you right now are imagining middle-aged blokes in khaki waterproofs, writing the names of birds in little notebooks. And yes, okay, a fair few middle-aged blokes do it. And nothing's more practical in the field than khaki waterproofs. And yeah, all right, writing things down in notebooks does happen. Quite frequently. Okay, you got me. But let me explain.

You see birding (as we call it) is about entering a secret world of little dramas. These scenes are all around us, invisible to less focused eyes. One prime example may even be mere metres away from you as you read this.

Like all cities, Sheffield is home to street pigeons. These verminous rogues used to have an easy ride, until their ultimate arch-nemesis started taking residence on the city's taller buildings. To a pigeon, the Peregrine Falcon is a pure bolt of unholy terror; a killing machine ready to destroy them with a single strike from razor-sharp talons. It's like the Terminator with wings. In its hunting stoop the falcon can exceed 200mph, not only making it the fastest bird in Britain, or the fastest bird in the world, but the fastest recorded living thing on the entire planet.

Despite their threadbare looks, street pigeons can't half manoeuvre in a crisis, but if they can't wriggle out of the falcon's flight path, the desperate chase will end in death, with a mysterious pile of feathers the only sign that the victim was ever there.

And this keeps happening right over your head.

That's far from all the city has to offer. This winter we've been invaded by Waxwings - ridiculous, plump, pink, crested birds that come into the country in varying numbers depending on the berry crop in their native Scandinavia. Some years we get none. Some years we get hundreds. They appear in random places, scoffing any red berries they can find before moving on to another. There's a good chance you've walked past a tree full of them, perhaps in a supermarket car park or pub beer garden, and not even noticed.

Elsewhere? You can catch an azure flash of Kingfishers as they dart over the rivers near Castle Market and Lady's Bridge, returning to these waters after many years of industrial pollution. Ring-necked Parakeets can occasionally be seen in the city's parks - gaudy green exotics that no-one really knows the origin of, which have already taken over the parks and gardens of London. Hundreds of Pied Wagtails huddle for warmth in trees at dusk outside Sheffield Hallam, with passersby oblivious to the tightly packed birds.

And that's before we've even left the City Centre. Venture out to the woodlands, the parks, the reservoirs, the moors, and scores of new birds will make themselves known to you.

Birding is about two contrasting emotions. One is the thrill of rarity. Because birds can fly, they sometimes end up in random places, and seeing something unusual or out of place is something most birders crave. Especially keen on this are the so-called "twitchers". Most people use this term to mean anyone who watches birds, but strictly a twitcher is someone who runs around the country finding rarities for their personal lists. While this may be a bit sad to many, it's just one way the hobby manifests itself. And why not? Most hobbies have their amateur statisticians.

The other emotion is arguably the biggest joy of all - that of predictability. Being able to pinpoint the week in spring that Swallows return from their trans-continental travels, or seeing a late Swift and knowing it'll be your last of the year, or knowing an area "looks good" for a particular species and being proven right. It makes you realise the passing of the months, and the cycles of seasons, and tunes you in to the comings and goings of nature. No birder could honestly admit they didn't have a soft spot for the rare or the exotic, but knowledge and understanding of everyday occurrences can be just as satisfying.

Have I convinced anyone? If I have there's plenty you can do to join in. Get some binoculars. Get out to the countryside. Buy a good bird book. Join the RSPB or the Sheffield Bird Study Group. But most of all, look to the skies and the trees, and notice what's there. You'll be surprised.

And if I haven't convinced you? That's okay. Those little dramas will continue to happen all around you whether you're watching or not.

rspb-sheffield.org.uk
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JONATHAN FOSTER.

JOURNALIST AND LECTURER TALKS TO NOW THEN.
INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Jonathan Foster is an experienced journalist and lecturer who has worked for The Sunday Times, The Observer and The Independent, acting as North of England correspondent for the latter publication until 1995, when he joined the Journalism department at the University of Sheffield. Jonathan covered the miners' strike of 1984-85 and the James Bulger murder case in 1993, as well as a number of exclusive political stories in the UK, Northern Ireland and South Africa.

Very well respected at the University by staff and students alike, we spoke to Jonathan after he was shortlisted as a speaker for the University's Inspiration & Co series of talks.

How did working as North of England correspondent for The Independent until 1995 shape your view of the North?

First thing it emphasised, of course, is the diversity up north - about ten regions between the Trent and the Border. What have they in common, apart from being distinct from London and the Home Counties? During the period from about 1980, that diversity has diminished. Steel and coal ceased to define South Yorkshire, for example. Merseyside's maritime economy submerged. Small town Lancashire has become an economic and social void. Anything left has been privatised, run now from behind closed, distant doors, either in ownership or management.

Very little about Manchester or Skipton or Newcastle or Carlisle is now distinctive, including the politics. It would have been impossible for Ed Miliband or Caroline Flint to be selected as parliamentary candidates for Doncaster. So much of the north's been eviscerated, themed and subordinated to metrocentric priorities.

How do you think the role of journalists has changed in the last decade?

It hasn't. There are fewer jobs for reporters and editors, less time and money for those in work to do the job. So roles requiring scepticism, perversity and curiosity as engines of compelling narratives are unaltered, although more difficult to perform. Social media have added sources of information. Others have meanwhile withered. Scrutiny of the public sector is much more difficult, monopolies like power are secretive in the extreme, and politicians aided by judges have decided that privacy is a human right.

For the many good journalists, the words of John Adams still define their role: "Liberty cannot be preserved without a general knowledge among the people, who have a right...an indisputable, unalienable, indefeasible, divine right to that most dreaded and envied kind of knowledge. I mean, of course, of the character and conduct of their rulers." For "rulers", I'd say "those in power" - celebs as well as bent MPs, corrupt bankers and their buddies in the judiciary.

Do you think physical news sources will eventually be completely replaced by digital alternatives? Or will there always be a demand for print?

The odds seem stacked against newspapers and magazines, although some titles are performing very well. Maybe it's more pertinent to consider whether reading - the written word published in any form - becomes less important than viewing images.

Does the relative failure of The Times online paywall - only 130,000 subscribers after two years - signal a positive change for the world of news? Or does the demand for free online content drive down the quality of journalism?

I don't think there's ever been a golden age for the quality or viability of journalism. The paywall at The New York Times has, I think, been more fruitful - unsurprising since it's a much better paper. Maybe people get the journalism they deserve. There seems to be an incubus over society, certainly in the English-speaking world - folks reconciled to being bullied, to tyranny and corruption, whether from governments or corporate interests. Apathy doesn't breed newspaper subscriptions.

In your opinion, what is the most under-reported news story of recent years?

Arms. Munitions. The defence industries. Their relationships with politicians and civil servants. Pungent, I reckon.

What is your best advice for anyone pursuing an interest in journalism?

You'll need to learn to think in different idioms than you're accustomed to, to structure your writing in different ways, so get some training in reporting and editing. It doesn't have to be full-time but it's best to understand conventional practice, even if you subsequently reject it. And read. One book in particular - Essential English by Harold Evans - should be mandatory for anyone wanting to communicate, let alone become a journalist.

Jonathan Foster is one of 12 shortlisted nominees voted for by University of Sheffield students as part of Inspiration & Co inaugural series of talks, the first of which takes place on 6th February.

inspirationand.co.uk



FOOD.

FAIRTRADE.
CASSIE KILL.

These days there are an increasing number of ethical certifications, labels and symbols on food and drink products. From organic to free-range, companies want to prove to us that choosing their brand represents an ethical purchase. But it's not always possible to choose all the options, and indeed it is sometimes wise to do a bit of research into what these labels mean to make a more informed decision about what to buy. Most people have heard of Fairtrade, but what does Fairtrade certification mean and how much of a difference does it make to the people who produce the goods we buy?

Fairtrade is unique amongst food certification schemes in that it aims to tackle poverty in farming communities in developing countries, helping them to live more stable lives. The main way it does this is by setting a minimum price for most products. This means that even if the market price suddenly drops, farmers still receive the minimum unit price for their produce. If the market price increases however, they still receive this higher amount. There are also opportunities for pre-financing agreements with buyers, allowing farmers to invest in new tools where needed, and longer term agreements are often developed, promoting a sense of stability for producers and their communities.

Some have voiced concerns about how much impact Fairtrade really has on those most in need. A number of studies have suggested that whilst rich consumers are often happy to pay a much higher price for Fairtrade than non-Fairtrade goods, only a tiny fraction of this increased price is passed on down the chain, meaning that those making the most money are elsewhere on the chain. It has been argued that the very poorest famers are not always able to gain Fairtrade certification due to the investment needed to reach the necessary standards. Some also claim that the processes and procedures that traders have to go through to be part of the system may actually be damaging to their businesses and local economies more broadly. Where Fairtrade does thrive, it can make some people much richer than others, leading to a greater divide between rich and poor. Arguably, the Fairtrade initiative doesn't go far enough; it is trying to make an ethical micro-system within the over-arching unethical capitalist system.

So what's the most ethical response? From a personal perspective, I often end up buying Fairtrade if I can afford it, because even if only a small amount extra reaches the producers that's better than nothing. However, I do think we should look more closely at Fairtrade schemes as this probably isn't the ultimate way to support the food and drink producers whose goods we all enjoy. I certainly don't have all the answers on this one. The really important thing is to do a little bit of research and decide what you think matters, and with Fairtrade fortnight coming up on 25th February – 10th March, you should have lots of opportunities to find out more.



BAKED BANANA AND COFFEE CHEESECAKE.

RECIPE BY KOMAL KHAN.

Banana and coffee marry beautifully in this recipe. Be sure to use green tipped bananas as they complement the coffee's bitterness very well. Tastes great with a cup of coffee. Makes one 8-inch cheesecake.

1 pack of shortbread fingers
70g melted butter, plus extra for frying bananas
600g cream cheese
1 double espresso or 60ml strong coffee
2 bananas
100g icing sugar, plus extra for bananas
2 eggs
50g plain flour

Slice the bananas and fry in a pan with a little icing sugar and butter until golden. Melt the butter in a pan or a bowl in the microwave. Bash up the biscuits (e.g. in a freezer bag using a rolling pin) and stir through the melted butter so you have the texture of sandcastle sand. Grease and line an 8-inch cake tin with greaseproof paper and push this buttery biscuit mixture down using a smooth bottomed glass. Layer sliced bananas on top of the base. Mix the rest of the ingredients together and pour over the base.

Bake at 160°C for 30-40 minutes until golden but still soft with a bit of wobble in the middle. Turn off the oven and leave to cool with the door ajar before serving.



ROAST TOMATO AND OLIVE OIL SOUP.

RECIPE BY CASSIE KILL.

This is a wonderful way of showcasing some fabulous, simple ingredients in a healthy dish bursting with flavour. Serves 4.

800g tomatoes, halved
2 tbsp honey
8 tbsp olive oil
1 onion, thinly sliced
2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
4 tbsp crème fraîche
Large bunch fresh basil leaves

Preheat the oven to 230°C. Arrange the tomatoes on a baking tray and drizzle over the honey and two tablespoons of the olive oil. Roast in the oven for 15 minutes.

Take out of the oven and set aside to cool slightly. Carefully remove the tomato skins and chop. Warm two tablespoons of olive oil in a large saucepan, add the onion, put on the lid and fry for 3-4 minutes. Add the garlic and fry for a further 2-3 minutes. Add the roasted tomatoes, 100ml water (to taste), four tablespoons of olive oil and blend it all up until smooth. Season to taste with salt and black pepper. To serve, reheat if necessary and top with a dollop of crème fraîche and chopped basil leaves.

Cooking by Freddie Bates.
Photos by Sara Hill.

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WORD LIFE.

COLLATED BY JOE KRISS.

BLONDE JOKE.

The one where she trips over a cordless phone,
or tiptoes past the bathroom cabinet
so she won't wake the sleeping pills,

gets stabbed in a shoot out,
spends hours trying to drown a fish,
goes skydiving and misses earth.

The one where you clock her at the bar,
slip her a vodka-coke, nod to your mate:
What do you do when a blonde says no?

Buy her another beer. Later, in the taxi queue,
you stroke behind her ears: what does a blonde
put here to make her prettier? Her ankles.

Or the one where she binds your wrists
behind your back, ties you naked to the hotel
swivel chair, then props the door open,

walks out and leaves you waiting for the punchline,
laughter thinning to a wheeze, and the light
from the single lamp makes your own head golden.

Helen Mort.

AT A READING IN ROTHERHAM LIBRARY.

To the Wednesday night Rotherham Library audience,
I am describing myself back at ten years old.

I tell them how we climbed over an old garden wall

And went scrumping apples

Then I ask

'Do you say "scrumping" up here,

Or do you have a different word for it?'

A woman at the back answers,

'Aye, we do have another word for it:

Theft.'

John Hegley.

JOHN HEGLEY.

INTERVIEW BY STAN SKINNY.

John Hegley is a poet, comedian, songwriter and mandolin tinkler. He was brought up in Luton by a French father and English mother, embarking on a career as a bus conductor after school before deciding to move to Bradford and study European literature and the history of ideas.

He began his performing career at London's comedy store in 1980, receiving national exposure after appearing on Carrott's Lib and the John Peel show in 1983. His poems have been featured regularly in The Guardian and he has become a cult hero at the Edinburgh Comedy Festival. He has published 12 volumes of poetry, including the popular My Dog is a Carrot and Uncut Confetti, and two children's books.

We caught up with John ahead of his appearance at the Word Smack Cabaret in Rotherham to talk about his career and his new book, Love, Peace and Potatoes.

How would you describe your act?

Well my act is one which involves singing, speaking in verse and rhythm and rhyme, asking the audience to move the action along with me, and be part of the action. There is some, largely I would say, jolly stuff, but there is also some that is more of a melancholic, poignant nature, and then there are some potatoes, occasionally handkerchiefs, face cloths.

You took the brave decision to take poetry into stand up clubs. Why?

I suppose there wasn't much poetry around then and I thought, "Why shouldn't poetry be in front of a comedy audience?" It just seemed worth a crack really.

And what was the reaction?

It was accepted because it had a comedic element, and comedy is poetic anyway. Sometimes I listen to the stuff Bill Bailey says and they're like poems. They are poetical constructed phrases and sentences that he uses.

Do you think the poetry landscape has changed during your career and are there are more opportunities for poets now?

Yeah I do. There's more open mic opportunities now and poets will have more chance of getting into cabarets and comedy shows.

One of the really encouraging things is that there are loads of really good English teachers now who were brought up on Roger McGough and the like. Poetry is more widely available, and they get poets going into the schools. So really, I think the effect of the poetry boom is yet to be seen.

Do you have any advice for aspirational poets?

Always have a sample of your work in case you bump into somebody who might be able to help you with your poetry. And I think it's worth collaborating with other folk - finding someone like minded. In terms of writing, much of what I try to do with the book really - make it personal but make it public.

Your new collection explores your French roots and in particular your relationship with your grandmother. Do you feel like a mixture of the two cultures, like marmite on a baguette?

I'm probably more baguette than marmite. No, I'm more marmite than baguette I think, but you've got to be careful when putting too much marmite on bread haven't you? It can get a bit distasteful. When I went into a place of older people in their 80s, one of them said, "What does he keep going on about the French for? We're not interested in the French here." So yeah, I have got French blood but this book is a combination of things about my family and more general things. Half to do with my bits, and half to do with other peoples bits.

What is it about the potato that fascinates you?

I like them when they've still got the mud on in the shop. It gives you a sense of the outside world. They're basic but one forgets that they're exotic because they're Peruvian, aren't they? They're versatile. They can do a lot but they're a bit of an underdog in the vegetable world. But then most vegetables are underdogs, so I suppose they are underground underdogs.

And lastly, how many words can you rhyme with log?

Eleven. And that's the end of our dia.. logue. But I can't have that cos it's got the word 'log' in it, so it's probably ten

THREE POETRY EVENTS IN SOUTH YORKSHIRE THIS MONTH.

PLENTY OF OPEN MIC OPPORTUNITIES AND CHANCES TO CATCH SOME OF THE UK'S LEADING POETS.

WORD LIFE.

15th February / The Riverside / 7:30pm / Free.

Word Life returns in 2013 with a free entry show at The Riverside. It's a book launch for poets Edward Mackay, Nia Davies's and Kristiana Rae Colón and open mic.

Kristiana Rae Colón is a poet, playwright, actor, educator and ensemble member at Teatro Luna. In Autumn 2012, her play 'but i cd only whisper' opened at the Arcola Theatre in London to much critical acclaim. She also opened her solo play Cry Wolf in Autumn 2012, directed by Coya Paz. She was featured on the fifth season of HBO's Def Poetry Jam. Her first short collection of poems Promised Instruments was published by Northwestern University Press in winter 2013.

SLAM BAM PRESENTS: POETRY BLIND DATE.

18th February / The Riverside / 7pm / £4, £2.50 concs.

A poetry slam with a difference. Entrants perform each others' work, doing their best to win first prize for their poetry "blind date", rather than themselves. Headliner is Radio 4's regular Saturday Live poet and iPhone ukelele extraordinaire Kate Fox, reading from her new book Fox Populi.

WORD SMACK CABARET.

23rd February / Old Market Gallery, Rotherham / 7pm / £5.

A new night of literary entertainment featuring top poets and storytellers, plus everything from the weird and wonderful world of variety entertainment right in the heart of Rotherham. The first one features John Hegley ('Comedy's poet laureate' - The Independent) and Billy Button from Cabaret Boom Boom, and is hosted by Stan Skinny. More info at theshippingforecastspokenword.tumblr.com.

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SACRED ECONOMICS.

BY CHARLES EISENSTEIN.
REVIEW BY ROBIN LOVELACE.

Remember the 2012 apocalypse hype? With the benefit of hindsight (and foresight) it was easy to laugh off as some crackpot interpretation of the Mayan calendar. Yet #doomsday2012 still rose to the fore of public consciousness, generating comment from all sides, including NASA. Any shred of authority demanded by the doomsdayers was annihilated by these and other scientific organisations, but still the media feeding frenzy continued. People find apocalypse strangely seductive, as fans of the film Zombieland will attest.

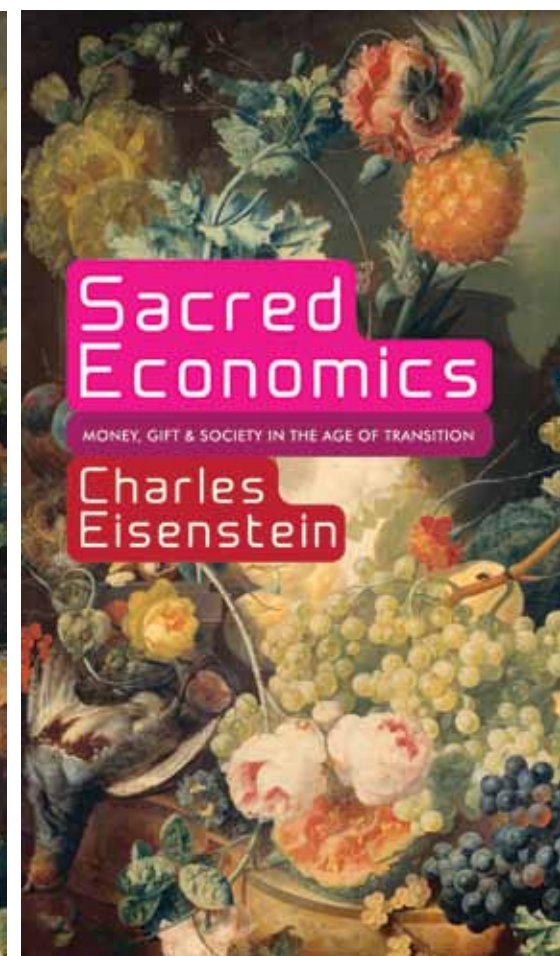
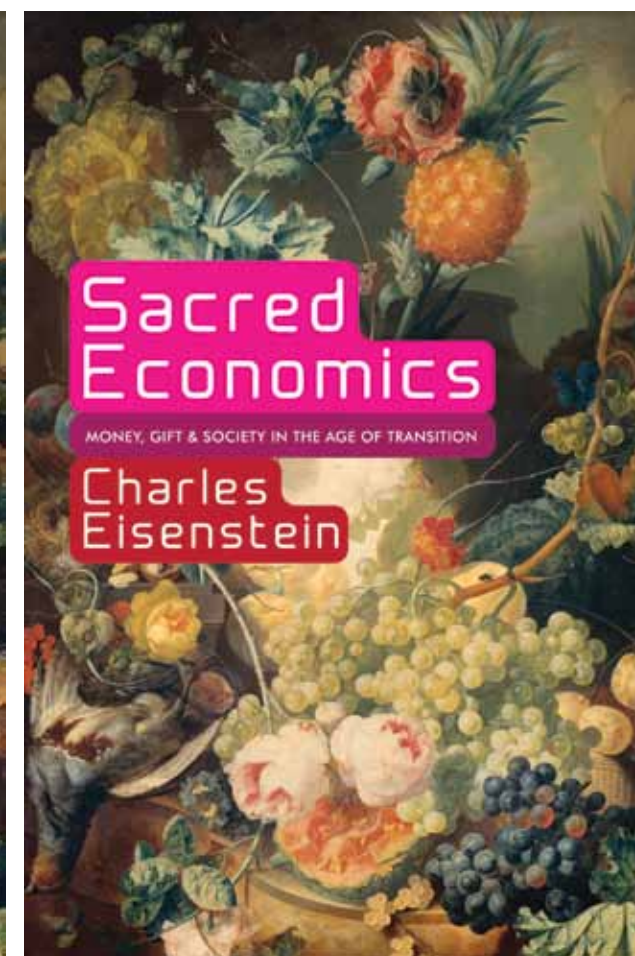
It was in this seduced state (seduced by climate change and oil depletion: sexy!) that I lapped up a related book – Michael Greer's Ecotechnic Future – and praised it in Now Then #37. To summarise, Greer believes industrial civilisation, including tarmac roads, office jobs and the internet, is disintegrating, resulting in neither apocalypse nor utopia, but an intermediary state. This state includes hardship and suffering, but also stronger communities, new exciting stories about who we are and the end of pointless consumerism.

The problem is that industrial civilisation shows no sign of slowing down, let alone of pressing the auto-disintegrate button any-time soon. On the contrary, hyper capitalism has proved to be a tough old bugger, akin to Wile E Coyote from Looney Tunes; it takes a hammering from every side yet always comes back to terrorise us again. Even after its founding assumptions are disproved and worldwide waves of protest decry its idiocy, the bastard just won't die. Land-grabs, adverts targeting children and new oil drilling techniques ensure that Greer's expectation, that the metaphorical Wile E will finally just top himself, is optimistic to say the least.

Sacred Economics by Charles Eisenstein is equally visionary, but starts from a different premise; the monetary machine that directs human affairs has gone AWOL and now benefits no-one, least of all the degraded psychopaths at the top, who try in vain to control the beast. Like Greer, Eisenstein encourages de-monetising your life, focussing instead on true wealth; the people and environment that surround you. Unlike Greer, he believes in creating a much better world: "Are we so broken that we would aspire to anything less than a sacred world?"

This may seem utopian, but Sacred Economics provides pragmatic solutions at every level. Individuals can replace monetary relationships with real ones, buy less and re-use more. Communities can set-up social enterprises. And, when the current batch of growth-obsessed politicians get booted out of office, nations can implement a raft of sensible measures to exorcise the financial demons from our economy.

Sacred Economics is a cracking read that I cannot recommend highly enough. If you're not sure about beg-borrow-or-buying such a chunky lump of paper, you're free to grab every chapter of it from the internet, where it has been placed in its entirety under a Creative Commons licence at sacred-economics.com.



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US SCIENTISTS DISCOVER CHIMPS LACK 'INNATE SENSE OF CAPITALISM'

Researchers from the fiscal chimp centre at Emory University have failed to find capitalism coursing through the brains of our ancestors.

In an experiment involving a banana and a top corporate lawyer, the apes were given the opportunity to invest their fruit or starve each other to death.

"The results were disappointing," said Dr Hillary Temple. "Not one of our subjects showed any ambition to own all of the bananas. It's almost as if they didn't hate their fellow chimp.

"Some of them went so far as to share their curved food portfolio with other hungry little apes, without so much as a punitive contract in place. I'm beginning to think we descended from a bunch of pinko liberals."

CAPITALISM CHIMPS

Temple also wanted to find out what chimps made of patent law and restrictive trade agreements, but was disappointed to find the best they could manage was a makeshift hat.

"Not a single chimp filed a lawsuit for infringing copyright on peeling bananas with your feet," sighed Temple. "In fact some of them threw their own faeces at the lawyer."

The team has concluded that chimps are a bunch of dangerous communists at best, and are looking elsewhere for economic theory in nature.

"The ebola virus looks promising - it eats the host in the face and then keeps going until there's nothing left", said Temple.

"It's incredible to think that low forms of life have a better grasp of consumer capitalism."



COWS BLAME LACK OF FILM ROLES FOR PUBLIC'S CONTEMPT

Cows have blamed a lack of big screen opportunities for people's willingness to eat them, after the public collapsed in anguish following revelations that they may have eaten something that has a well-known theme tune.

Cows have blamed a lack of films in which they forge friendships against the backdrop of war or overcome trauma with the help of Robert Redford for the county's enthusiasm for devouring them.

"What's the difference between eating a cow and eating a horse?" asked one bemused cow. "War Horse, that's what. If there was a Champion the Wonder Cow then things may be different."

Filmmakers have denied that people would view eating cows differently if they were given more starring roles.

"The opinion of movie goers isn't changed by who takes the lead role," insisted one producer. "People didn't stop eating bacon after watching Babe, and people who watched Chicken Run didn't stop thinking Mel Gibson is a prick."

HORSE BURGERS

With the UK population seemingly under the impression that burgers are produced using kindness and fairy dust, the news that they may have been consuming something that eats sugar lumps has come as a huge shock.

"I'd always assumed that burgers were lovingly crafted by a choir of angels," revealed 27 year-old Theresa Copeland. "To find that I may well have eaten something that looks good in a film montage is very upsetting.

"I don't mind watching them run until their heart explodes or being destroyed because they've broken their leg jumping over a fence the size of a bus. I wouldn't knowingly eat one though. That's just cruel."

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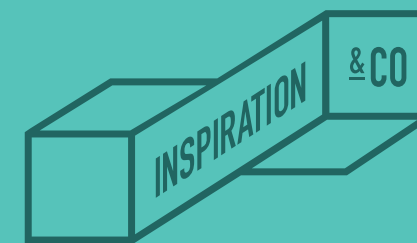
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The Vagina Monologues.

Sat. 9th March

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Faisal Devji, author of "The Impossible Indian" and "The Terrorist in Search of Humanity", and reader in History at St. Anthony's College, Oxford.

More info: www.sheffieldsalon.org.uk

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DAN BIRKBECK.

BRANDALIST.
INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

Dan Birkbeck is a Manchester-based artist working in a number of different disciplines, including graphic illustration, graffiti and good old fashioned pen to paper sketches. Drawing together influences from all over the shop, from Japanese art to comics, Dan is a versatile yet humble artist with lots to say about his craft. Straight off the back of taking part in Brandalism, a project that aims to subvert corporate advertising by taking over billboards in five UK cities, we spoke to Dan about the work featured in this issue of Now Then and his motivations for being an artist.

What got you started as an artist?

I think the first thing that really got me into drawing was the comic **200AD**, specifically the ABC Warriors. I would copy the characters from there. Seeing **Akira** for the first time in 1989 had a great effect on me. I knew that I wanted to draw pictures like that. The film **Aliens** also. I suppose it was about big guns and spaceships, and horror. It all captured my imagination and I had my own ideas of how things could be – cool robots and spaceships. By drawing them I could realise those ideas. It was exciting.

It's the same for me today. Although subject matter is much different, it's about realising the things from my imagination.

Can you describe the process of starting a new piece?

If I'm on a roll one piece naturally follows the last. I'm often thinking about what I'm going to do next while still working on something. There are recurring themes and elements in my work; the tentacles and hands for example, patterns and colour schemes. More are added as I go, so the more I do the more elements I have in my 'kit' to work with.

The King of Spades is the first of what will be a full deck of cards. This took a lot of planning and research into the traditions of card design. For pieces like this I will sketch ideas over and over again until I measure up, plan, make sure everything is in exactly the right place. I know each line before I draw it and exactly what order I'm going to do everything in.

What tools do you use regularly and which could you not do without?

Fine liners, Posca, pencils, markers, Adobe Illustrator, emulsion and spray paint. I'm always looking to work with new materials and add to the tools at my disposal. I started using Illustrator about six years ago, teaching myself (which takes time!), and spray paint about five years ago. You never stop learning but I'm aiming to become as fluent with these as I am with a pencil.

I couldn't do without a pencil. It's the basis of everything.

How is your average day spent?

My days consist of drawing, painting, reading, loud music, looking for work online, meetings, collecting prints and posting them out, daydreaming and thinking – trying to get an idea to fully form in my mind before I begin sketching. It's not bad if you don't mind being poor.

What are you working on at the moment?

I've just done a Mayan piece which has been very well received so I reckon I'm going to crack on with some more stuff in this vein. Much of the work I've been making over the past six months has been hand-drawn and finished in Illustrator. While I like this effect and process I'm keen to get back to making purely handmade art for a while. I don't like to get stuck on one thing for too long. You get complacent and work becomes stale. I only do it cos it's fun.

I'm also exhibiting alongside some other great artists at the OneFiveEight exhibition on 9th February at Kraak Gallery in Manchester's Northern Quarter.

Which of your most recent pieces have you enjoyed making the most?

I think the King of Spades, Ying Yang, and the Eyes & Tentacles. These are the ones I've hand-drawn and coloured and textured digitally. It was a new process for me and exciting to make that step. It really opened up doors and showed me the possibilities of combining handmade art with digital processes. That and my No Evil piece being used in the Brandalism project.

There are obviously lots of departure points for your work, but who or what are your biggest sources of inspiration?

There's a great and varied mix – comics, tribal art, traditional Japanese art, graffiti, all kinds of music...

Vaughn Bodē's work ethic and philosophy is a big inspiration: "My imaginary universe stimulated me to produce drawings, writings and records of what I 'thought' I saw and did. Drawing, organizing, and firming-up my projections on paper... And that is where it's at. The paper world of the true artist is real, and you know it when you see it. Ain't that a bitch."

You were involved in getting permission for the big graffiti pieces in the underpasses linking Hulme with Manchester city centre back in 2011.

Yes, that was a good day. Live music and DJs and the tunnels getting painted up. There was something like 40 artists who came down to take part. It started life as a much smaller event but in the planning stages snowballed into something much bigger.

Do you think general opinions about graffiti are changing in this country?

I think it's a case of 'if it's in the right place', which is fair enough really. What Manchester lacks is more places to paint that are in the public eye. Most spots here are out of the way and often only seen by other people coming to paint. Many European cities have street art all over the place and it's recognised by their councils as a growing tourist attraction. I think this country's councils could learn from that attitude.

You've painted outdoors in 'the right place' recently for the Jelly Fish Rooms in Chorlton and for Northern Quarter's Out House MCR. Where do these designs rate in your personal favourites? Do you tend to prefer large-scale murals or small-scale pieces designed for prints?

The Out House one was okay. I spent a while working on the design for that only to realise, a day or so before I was due to paint it, that it was rubbish so had to work on a new one quickly. It could have been much better. Not everything is going to be a success, and when it's a public piece like that you have to get used to the fact that it's on display whether you like it or not. The Jelly Fish piece I like. It still needs finishing but the weather this time of year is a factor.

I have no preference between murals and small scale stuff. It's different and I get something different from each. Sometimes it's good to be out painting with other people. Sometimes shutting myself away for a day or so in my little studio and getting involved in some ideas is great too.

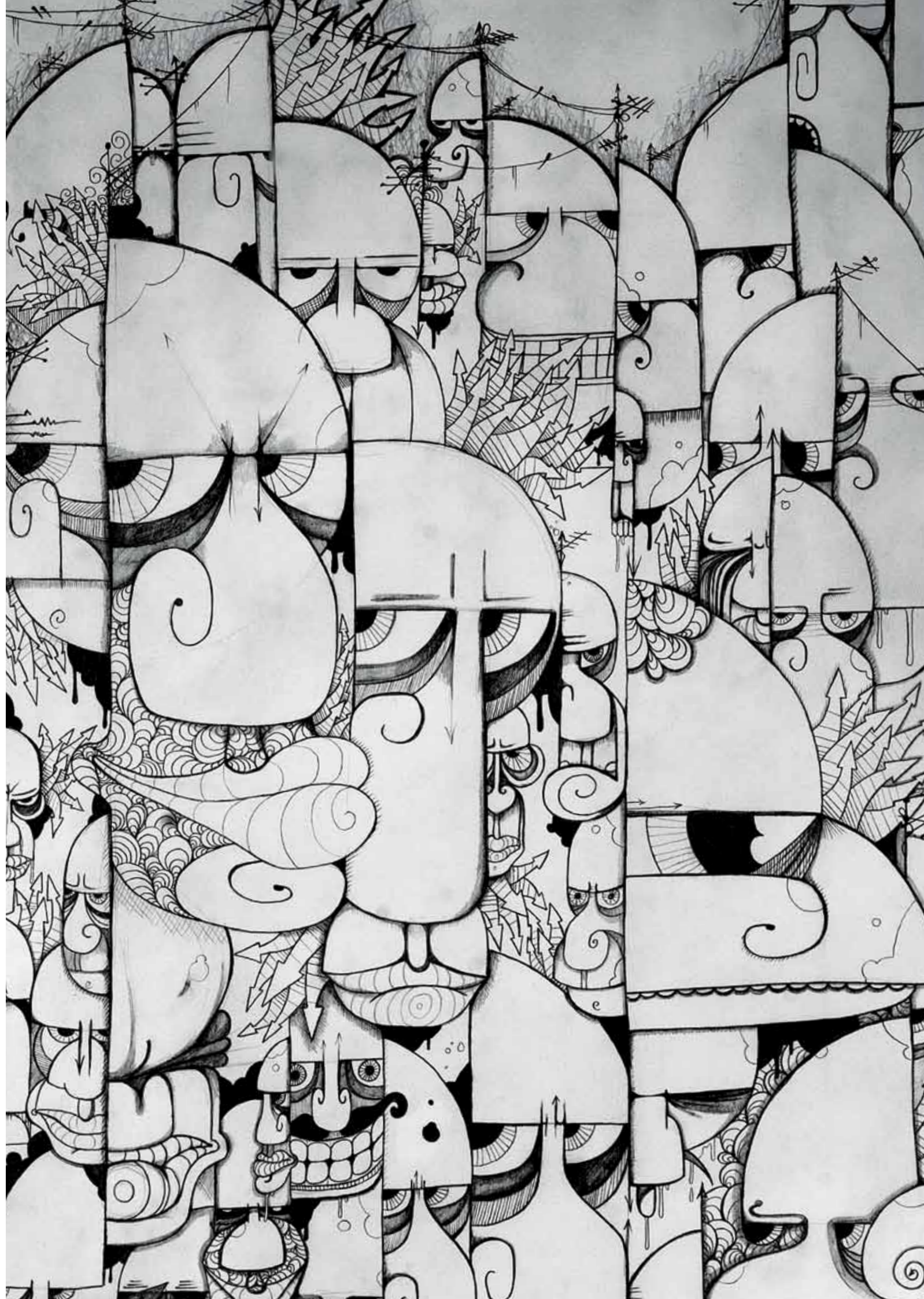
What do you dislike in art?

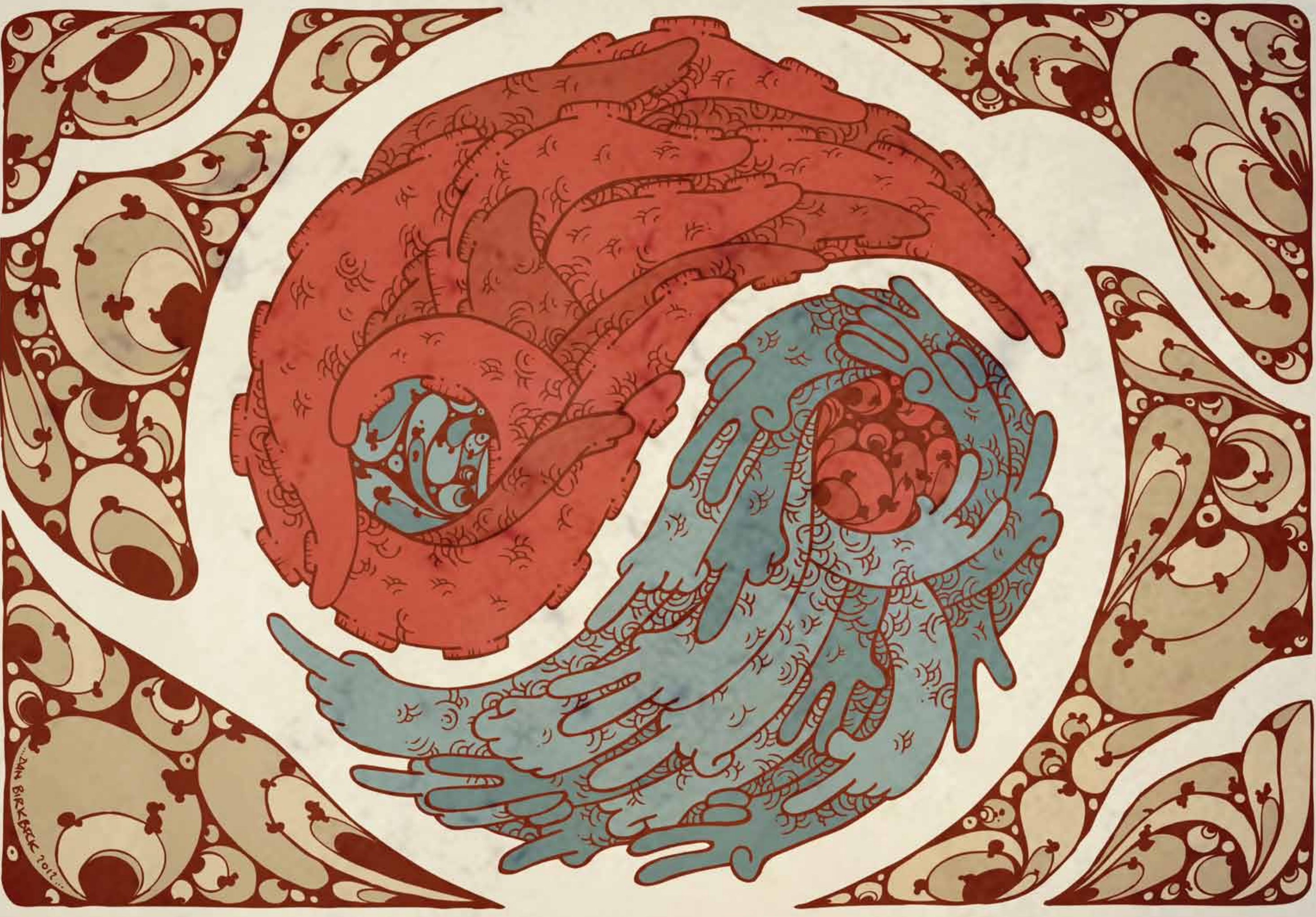
Conceptual art. Stuff that needs a side of A4 beside it. Boring, self-indulgent stuff. I did a Fine Art degree ('98-'03). A guy on my course laminated three sheets of A1 paper and stuck it to a wall with some blurb about the possibilities blank paper offered. Piss off. Where's the joy of creating something beautiful?

Good advice you wish you'd been told earlier?

I was probably given a lot of good advice earlier...

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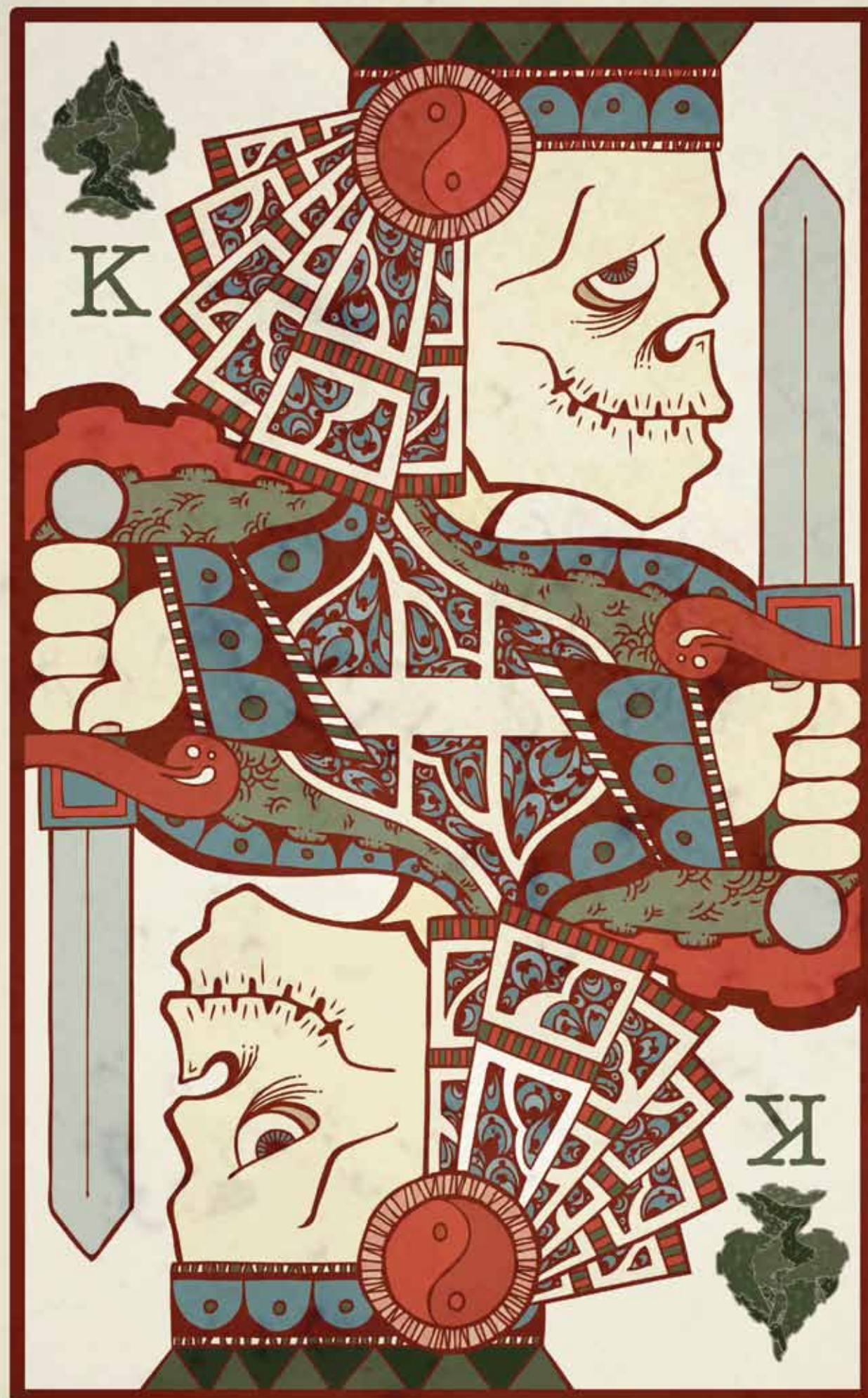
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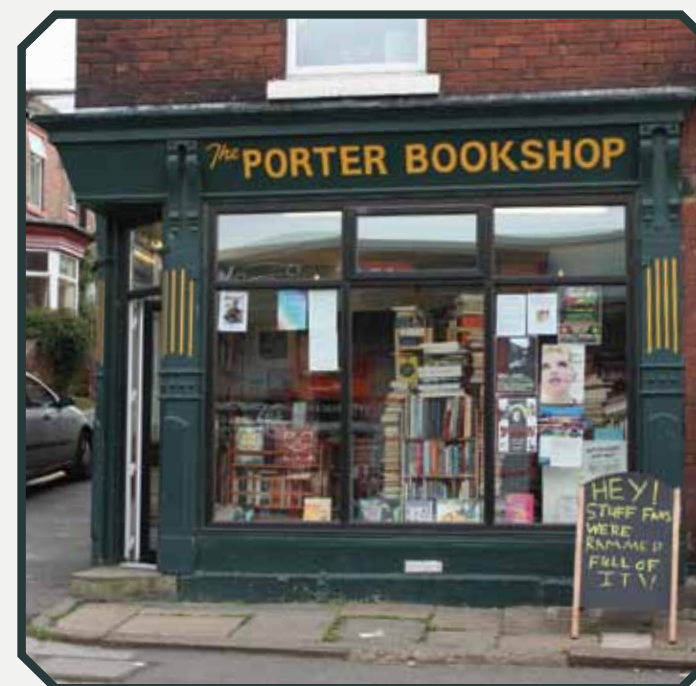
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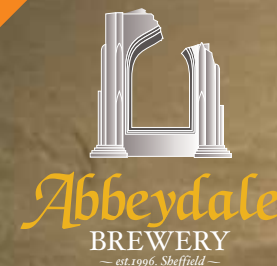
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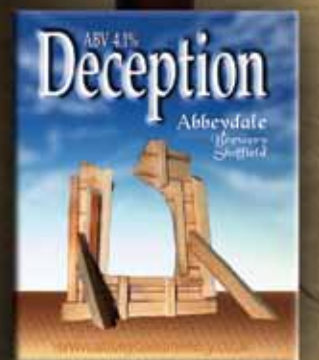
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UNTAPPO

SOUND.

SCENIUS.
PAUL RAVEN.

My hometown of Portsmouth can only claim one vaguely famous musical son. Given the son in question is Joe Jackson, and he really came from Gosport (a town referred to in grim tones by Portsmuthians as “them over the water”)... well, you might forgive the Portsmouth music scene the chip on its collective shoulder. In contrast the Steel City has punched well above its weight in the music stakes over the years. But why has Sheffield done so well and Portsmouth so poorly? Is it just luck, or something else?

Synth-twiddling egg-head Brian Eno put a neat name to a theory about exactly that: scenius. After studying the history of art in an attempt to work out why geniuses suddenly spring out of nowhere, he realised something: they don't.

What really happened was that there was sometimes very fertile scenes involving lots and lots of people – some of them artists, some of them collectors, some of them curators, thinkers, theorists, people who were fashionable and knew what the hip things were – all sorts of people who created a kind of ecology of talent. And out of that ecology arose some wonderful work.

Like all good theories, it seems obvious in hindsight. But there's a bit missing, I think; Eno's formulation explains those single stellar emergences of talent, but not scenes that repeatedly burp up quality product in the same locale. My theory is that there's a feedback loop involved, or maybe a sort of lingering resonance. This is hard to explain in the musical context, because... well, 'dancing about architecture', innit? So think instead of Sheffield's other, older scenius.

Sheffield was known for its knives long before it was known for its steel. In fact, there's a good argument to be made that it was Sheffield's reputation for blades that made it the site of the steel revolution. Steel takes a point better than cast iron, and back when we Brits still considered forks to be an effete affectation of the French, you'd want a knife with a good sharp point for spearing your manly and patriotic slabs of roast beef.

Folk were making crucible steel in all sorts of other places, but blades meant more demand for it here, so the process started scaling up. By the time Bessemer was ready to wow the crowds with his iron-to-steel converter, there was only one town with the optimal audience, one town

where he could hire the right stage crew. Scenius has a gravity to it – no, a magnetism. It attracts itself.

It wasn't just steel, either. Toolmaking, especially files and saws; Old Sheffield Plate; mass-produced railway hardware: all these things happened right here, drawn together by their similarities, their common need for the right expertise, resources and passion. The irony of the Iron Lady snatching the steel away is the cruellest, perhaps.

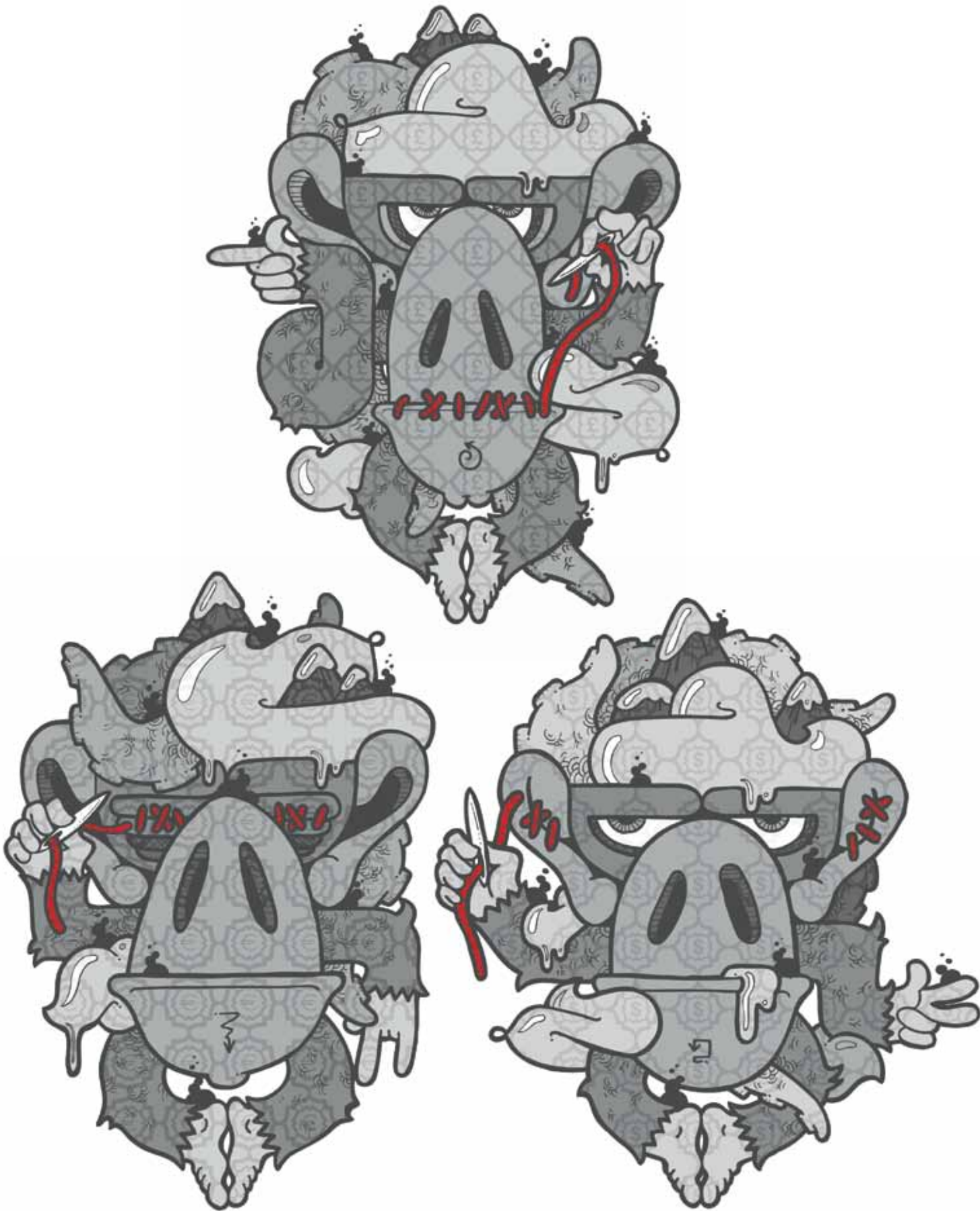
If you use a magnet to stroke a piece of steel repeatedly, the steel itself becomes magnetised. Who were those first musical magnets – the original Rolling Stones, perhaps? Def Leppard? (A sobering and melancholy thought, that one.) Or maybe one of countless more minor bands who never made their national mark, or some forgotten folkie singing Chartist anthems to weary grinders in a dim, smoky pub...

My theory? It was all of them. Every sweaty show, every sing-along single, every hook, riff, bassline or beat – the magnet strokes, the music resonates, the city remembers. Culture is collective. The business of stardom likes to cover up this truth, because it's a bitch to monetise.

Here we are in the TwentyTeens, with the record industry reeling from its failure to get to grips with the digital age, firing off lawsuits like a gut-shot cowboy in a cheap movie. I just saw the Brit Award nominations; Amy Winehouse up for Best Female, 18 months after dying, years after recording anything new. British pop is looking desperately backward, refusing the future. The charts have never been more irrelevant.

There will never again be a Next Big Thing. I think that's great news, because it leaves space for the Next Good Things. And good things are always local, because the goodness of a thing is in part a function of its proximity to you when you're looking for it, right? Right – so I'm looking here, waiting for the scene to burp, for the compass needle to swing.

East of the city – near the site of the Battle of Orgreave, in fact – lies the University of Sheffield's Advanced Manufacturing Research Centre, where researchers are working on new ways to blend steel into high-tech composite materials. And in some old cutlery works or warehouse, some bunch of kids with wild ideas are forging a new noise, the sound of tomorrow. Listen for the chime of the anvil.



LIVE.

BUNGA BUNGA.

**HOPE WORKS.
1ST JANUARY.**

REVIEWER – TRISTAN SHORROCK.

It's often a struggle to decide where to be when the clock strikes midnight on New Year's Eve. But from the early hours of the morning of 1st January Bunga Bunga hosted their eighth party, which gave people the opportunity to watch Jools Holland's countdown at home and then attend their much longer electronic hootenanny.

Party number seven back in early December saw DJs Oneman and Melé take the stage at the infamous Yellow Arch Studios. Though the NYE venue may not have been as exciting as that labyrinth, the team managed to locate another gritty and cavernous warehouse in the form of Attercliffe's Hope Works to create a unique, party-proof space, small enough that the dance floor didn't ever feel empty but spacious enough to mill about.

The line-up was less techno and house oriented than Faction, happening in parallel down at Dirty Little Secret on Snow Lane. It was instead much more focused on grime, garage and dubstep. A last-minute addition to the bill was Sheffield's own Off Me Nut Records, who played the evening out with a vinyl-only bassline set, proving that the spirit of Niche lives on.

Some of Sheffield's finest, including Squarehead and Jack Opus, kept the dancefloor alive, but local heroes the Forgemasters stood out, guiding the crowd through a history of South Yorkshire bass. Headline act Lil Silva was ferocious on the decks. His set of gritty grime and garage proved that a resurgence of house music doesn't necessarily mean people have forgotten their variation on a 2-step skank.

The sound system was crystal clear and leveled perfectly. This aided the throbbing sub-bass on a range of classics, from Benga and Coki's dubstep beacon 'Night' to Jay Z's 'Dirt Off Your Shoulder', and more recent bangers like Wiley's 'Wearing My Rolex' and TNGHT's 'Higher Ground'. It was DJ Champion who got the crowd going with such New Year's Eve party essentials, a move that made him stand out as one of the evening's highlights.

For the price, convenience and strong, well-constructed sets, Bunga Bunga was the place to be to welcome in the New Year.

THE TEMPERTONS.

**GREYSTONES.
11TH JANUARY.**

REVIEWER – PETE MARTIN.

The Greystones is jam-packed as the support band Ish-Brother take the stage. They are a local, (very) young five-piece indie band who play a delightful set of Postcard-influenced pop. The inclusion of a trumpet player really gives the standard bass, drums, guitar line-up a refreshing edge. The vocals are occasionally tentative and are obviously not the finished article, but they possess a nonchalance that is captivating and hopefully the band can retain this as they progress. Something of a revelation.

The Tempertons were formed three years ago by Neil Barratt, named after fellow Lincolnshire-born producer, arranger and songwriter Rod Temperton, who wrote 'Rock With You' and 'Thriller' for Michael Jackson, as well as 'Boogie Nights' and 'Yah Mo B There', among many others.

The seven musicians start with a couple of instrumentals to loosen themselves up, before being joined by the male vocalist for a cover of Steely Dan's 'Peg', where the full range of musicianship is showcased – a watertight rhythm section, glorious horns and a scintillating guitar solo. Their regular female vocalist is absent with laryngitis, so the setlist is tailored to a male vocal. There have been a number of personnel changes in the band over the years, but each new member has brought a love and appreciation of the music that is evident tonight.

The set continues with a mix of tasteful covers and original material and, unless you know the original artists, you'd be hard-pressed to distinguish between them, such is the consummate skill of Barratt's songwriting. Is it Prince or Curtis or Barratt? 'The Other Side Of Town' starts slowly with malleted drums and restrained guitars, but it builds steadily with the three-piece horn section especially excelling. They finish with a rousing rendition of Bowie's 'Let's Dance', which sees much of the audience doing exactly that.

With this band the song is king. Though they are undoubtedly soulful, they don't go in for extended 20-minute funk workouts and the search for a groove is always balanced with the needs of a beautifully crafted and structured song.

LIVE.

CULT OF LUNA.

**CORPORATION.
20TH JANUARY.**

REVIEWER – PAUL RAVEN.

If you popped in to see Cult Of Luna for the sake of getting out of the cold, you're going to be disappointed; there is no warmth in their work, though there is perhaps an odd sense of something like comfort.

Well, there's tonal warmth, sure. Buckets of it, in fact. Three guitarists, bass guitar, keys and two drummers. There's more texture coming off that stage than you'd find in a blind man's wardrobe. That pounding oceanic soundscape might give way to a glacial moment of calm and clarity, or maybe to a riff that sounds like Cthulhu dragging an iron skyscraper across the ocean floor after a busy afternoon laying waste to New York. Burbles and squelches of synth percolate through the gloom, and haunting little circular melodies flash bright and fast through the darkness. At a great distance, some angry nigh-forgotten demigod bellows his fury, and thunder thumps and rumbles underfoot.

In other words, Cult of Luna make a stinking good noise, and they play for close to 90 minutes to an audience that stands largely still for the whole show, watching the stage. While they aren't exactly showmen in the star jumps and banter kind of way, Cult of Luna still make a fine tableau as they stagger around the blue-lit grotto of a stage, their stark shapes cut suddenly from black cardboard by the scattershot blasts of the strobes. I'm accustomed to being one of the rare few folk at a show stood still and paying attention. To find myself one motionless member among many in this calm and reverent communion is a little unsettling.

But it is unsettling music, after all – not creepy-scary, and not all spoiled-child-angry like so much metal seems to be these days, but bleak and somehow Sisyphean, like they're shouldering the weight of the world for a while, just to give the rest of us a break. There's a beauty in their desolation, and something like a comfort in knowing that it's not just me – even if that knowledge, like so much knowledge, turns out to be illusory when the lights come up at the end of the night. But in the moment, I am oceans away. That's what live music is for.

Cult of Luna don't do cheerful, they don't do cute, and they definitely don't do nice. But they do huge, and they do deep. Learning to swim is up to you.

LISTINGS.

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February. February. February. February. Once voted the nation's eighth favourite month, taken from a survey of 89 men, 45 women and 4 squirrels. It would have been the nation's ninth favourite month if it wasn't for the saving grace that is Pancake Day, although where we come from every day is not only Pancake Day, but Pancakes Covered In Chocolate, Sugar, Melted Lard & Beef Day. Anyway, enough waffle. Here's some information about some events you should attend this month.

OPUS ACOUSTICS.

7th February / Lantern Theatre / £6 adv.

Brand new year, brand new venue. Opus Acoustics sets up residency in the leafy streets of Nether Edge, with The Lost Brothers & Neil McSweeney kicking off an incredibly strong run of guests for the collective.

BOB MARLEY'S BIRTHDAY.

9th February / Everyone Centre / £7 OTD.

Bob Marley would have been 67 years old this year, but his messages of peace and unity are still as relevant today as they were when he passed. Roots, Riddimtion and Unitone are bringing together three generations of sound system history to celebrate the occasion.

KAN.

15th February / Greystones / £12.50 adv.

The Folk Forest continue their exploration into the finer folk sounds with Kan, a union of four of the finest, most influential, award-winning, in-demand artists of the 21st century traditional music world. Not bad eh?

PLATFORM PROJECTS.

16th February / Harley / £3 OTD.

Brand new charitable event presenting an evening of fashion, live music, art and dance. Includes the talents of Soulfunkful, Brute Foresight, Molly Rouge, Hantu Collective, Ink Dance, My Life Project, Artificial Constructs and many more.

TUESDAY CLUB.

26th February / Leadmill / £8 adv.

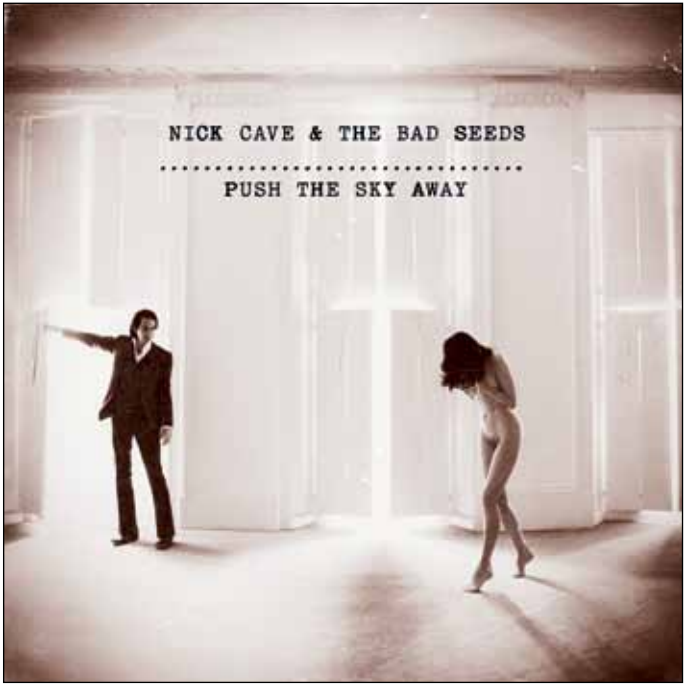
A unique opportunity to catch three of the most acclaimed DJs of the moment – Ben UFO, Jackmaster & Oneman. The USP here is that none of them have ever produced music. Their success is completely attributed to song selection and technical ability.

FOR THE RECORD.

27th February / Bungalows & Bears / Free.

Weekly waxy adventure in which the big hitters can be heard alongside the b-sides and album tracks. Musical selection for the musical lovers in a musical setting with musical drinks and musical chat.

February's listings sections is dedicated to the memory of Okie Dulo, an integral part of Sheffield's music scene, who sadly passed away last month.



NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS.

PUSH THE SKY AWAY.
BAD SEED LTD.

REVIEWER – ED WOOLLEY.

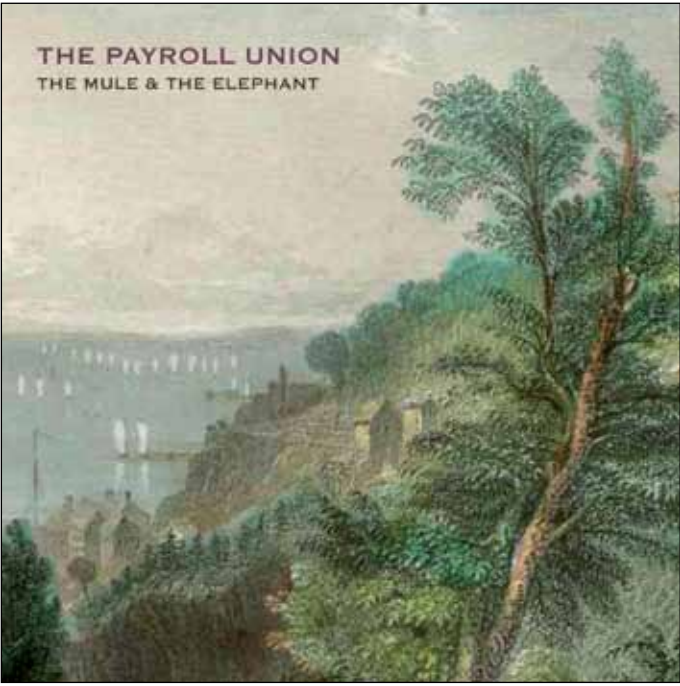
It's five years on from the Bad Seed's last record **Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!** and the interceding period has been a prolific one for Nick Cave. Collaborating with fellow Bad Seed and musical foil Warren Ellis, acclaimed soundtracks have been produced for The Road and most recently Lawless. Cave's second novel, The Death of Bunny Munroe, transposed his intense brooding characters to the Brighton Sea front and the priapic, scowling swagger of the Grinderman project has ranged further with a second offering.

But whilst the first Grinderman record provided the Bad Seeds with a lusty infusion, the second seems to have sated their more boisterous urges, with **Push The Sky Away** possessing a more mournful, delicate sound recalling the balladeering of 'The Boatman's Call' and the gentler moments of the Dirty Three.

'We No Who U R' opens the album with a ballad wrapped in soft pastoral imagery, driven along by an undercurrent of menace. The chattering verse arrangement of 'Wide Lovely Eyes' gives way to chorus chords reminiscent of Johnny Cash. 'Water's Edge' displays Cave's poetic elegance with the culminating lines, "It's the will of love/It's the thrill of love/but the chill of love is coming on", describing the arc of a failing relationship. 'Jubilee Street' continues the melancholia of the album's opening with languid guitars and a rich, grandiloquent string arrangement forming the backdrop for Cave's piquant vocal delivery.

'Mermaids' shifts the mood, showing the lyrical playfulness and brash innuendo of more recent work. The intense thrumming bass line and cinematic melodrama of 'We Real Cool' delivers the atmosphere of recent film scores. It's reference to Wikipedia signposts a rich vein of the inspiration which has seen Cave look ever more broadly across science, religion and the everyday experience of life for his muse. 'Finishing Jubilee Street' exemplifies Cave's often highly narrative approach to songwriting, supported by the sparse and intuitive arrangements of his band. 'Higgs-Boson Blues' inhabits the American Gothic world which Cave has made his own over the last 15 years, as he quips, "Robert Johnson and the Devil man / Dunno who's gonna rip off who?"

Push the Sky Away reflects many of Cave's characters from the last 20 years – the mournful lover, the snotty punk poet and the eerie gothic storyteller. Arguably these portraits have been rendered better elsewhere, but there is plenty here to add to a glittering career. Did I say glittering? Make that one wreathed in seductive, damned shadow.



THE PAYROLL UNION.

THE MULE & THE ELEPHANT.
BACKWATER COLLECTIVE.

REVIEWER – TASHA FRANEK.

For anybody who fancies a change from listening to songs about shallow romance or throwing parties at the weekend, I strongly suggest you to give The Payroll Union a whirl. Formed here in Deep South Yorkshire back in '09, this Americana-folk band are an absolute lyrical delight. Their interest in American history is brilliantly refreshing, and gives what would already be stunning music a whole new depth.

The band's debut album, **The Mule & The Elephant**, released last month, captures the essence of a brilliant folk album – it tells a story in the way that so few genres of music are able to grasp. From the moment you hit play, you are thrown into 19th century America though tales of, in the bands' own words, "profiteering politicians, jealous duels, expansionist opportunists, illegitimate wars, illegitimate children, mourning, betrayal, revenge and poverty".

Switching from indie rock riffs to the more familiar dark folk melodies complementing the murderous lyrics, the album keeps you on your toes, leaving you unaware of what is coming next. A perfect example of this comes as we hit tracks four and five. 'Cawing Cuckoo' has a really playful feel, complete with percussion and cute harmonies, before we slide into 'Mary Lamson', probably the most melancholic song we are treated to. Slow and torturous, the emphasis is entirely on the dark lyrics, which combined with Pete David's grizzly and delicious vocals makes for a real success. I really can't wait to see the band play this track in particular live.

Other highlights include 'Hard Times', an upbeat rockabilly track that you'll find yourself singing along to in an instant, and 'Peggy's Tavern', which has been available to download for free from the boys' Bandcamp page for a while. 'South' is the complete package. It's like a story inside a story, with all of the peaks, troughs, harmonies, tempo changes and guitar solos that you could wish for.

The Mule & The Elephant is a real game changer for Sheffield and folk music in general. Be sure to get your hands on a copy and experience good old fashioned Americana brought into the 21st century.



BENEATH.

DUTY/TEXTERS.
TECTONIC RECORDINGS.

REVIEWER – JACK OPUS.

Duty/Texters is the Tectonic debut from Sheffield regular Beneath; two cold and deadly pieces released from the depths of his dubplate catalogue.

Beneath has been building up a solid catalogue of releases on his No Symbols label, which last year saw the justified recognition in the form of a release on Blackdown's Keysound imprint, alongside gigs in Europe and performances for Electronic Supper Club and Boiler Room.

With work that drifts away from traditional formulas for music, Beneath situates himself in a place that is not yet classified, and the resultant experimentation is a product of the freedom this genre-less position gifts him.

This release acts as a progression of the sound given to us by UK Hardcore, a genre that has given root to so much of the last few decades of the UK's very best dance music. Beneath continues admirably in this quest, stripping away elements to the bare essentials, resulting in refined and driving sub-heavy cuts ready for large sound systems.

'Duty' begins with percussion hits dictating a march into a track which temporarily offers false comfort in its low bassline, before plunging you deep into the producer's imagination with sharp drum hits, hypnotic rhythms and chilling samples. 'Texters' follows suit with equally focused attacks from the low end, restrained tones and a very forward facing arrangement which allows the multitude of percussive elements to take centre stage.

Very strong stuff from Beneath, who should go from strength to strength this year.



SYNKRO.

ACCEPTANCE.
APOLLO.

REVIEWER – TOM BELSHAW.

Paradoxically, minimalism has a lot going for it. We all either went through a period where we thought we liked minimal techno or a period where we had no idea it was around. They're both essentially the same thing.

Mildly tedious electronic fad or no, there's a certain amount of beauty in restraint. The simple act of holding a little back can open up whole new worlds of gratification. It's the same principle that applies to only eating half a tube of Pringles or watching no more than ten minutes of absolutely any Michael Bay movie.

Allowing simple musical motifs to speak volumes is something modern music has been indulging in since the 1960s. The New York Hypnotic School of classical musicians, which included the likes of Steve Reich and Philip Glass, pioneered a style of sonics that modern musicians like Aphex Twin and Fennesz adapted into ambient and drone soundscapes. Take the reconstructed floaty sounds of the 'future garage' scene that reared its head a few years back and welcome to the subject at hand; minimalist, ambient, forward thinking, upfront, future bass music. Before you get any ideas, I'm coining that term so back off.

Manchester's Synkro has been forging his name as a garage and 2-step artist for a good while but it wasn't until 2011's absolutely exquisite 'Look At Yourself' that you could really see his true floaty potential. His latest EP **Acceptance** is the sound of an artist who has truly grown into their own style. Packed to the gills with lush consonant harmonies, delayed vocals and crisp, expertly mastered beats, everything ambles along at a pace that betrays its true 135BPM roots.

The addition of reverb-heavy guitar strummings on nearly half of the offerings show a brief foray into a depth of new musicality, or just reinforcement of the idea that guitars in electronic music make you seem like more of a credible artist. Pick one.

The production value on Acceptance is so high that it makes speakers sing. Little Burial-esque nuances of rain and traffic slip through unobtrusively and bass lines feel like soft damp cuddles. It's warm and familiar yet current and edgy. Like a kitten smoking crack.

If this lush offering could be described as anything it would be whoopee makin' music for the bass generation. Minimalist, ambient, forward thinking, upfront, future, baby making music. Coined it.

ECCENTRONIC RESEARCH COUNCIL.

WITCH HUNTS AND ANALOGUE SYNTHS.
INTERVIEW BY IMOGEN DECORDOVA.

The ERC is the brainchild of Sheffield dwellers Dean Honer and Adrian Flanagan. Their latest satirical electro offering 1612 Underture is fronted by actor Maxine Peake (Shameless, See No Evil: The Moor Murders) and explores the persecution of the Pendle Witches during the Lancashire witch trials. The record is an audio journey holding a mirror up to contemporary society’s penchant for working class scapegoating, with Peake’s sharp tongued spoken word and spine chilling cackle underlaid with Honer and Flanagan’s motorik beats and theramin creepings.

We spoke to Adrian after the group’s show at Queens Social Club last month.

Where did your fascination with the Pendle Witch trials spring from? How much was informed by text book history and how much by your own imagination?

As a kid I’d be marched to the top of Pendle Hill by my parents once a month and told if I didn’t hurry up that witches would get me. Knowing I couldn’t rely on Ester Rantzen to save me from this very subtle form of abuse disguised as exercise, I’d run as quick as my little legs could take me and get to the top of the hill. No witch ever caught me but my parents were reaching for the inhalers whilst sparking up fags.

A few years ago, Maxine and I met after she did a video for me for my Chanteuse & The Crippled Claw music project. I asked her to dress as a bunny rabbit and chase me round a moor in Salford for this video we were making. I was probably taking my life in my hands as she’d not long played Myra Hindley in a hit TV drama and I wasn’t sure if she was still a bit “method”. Anyway I survived and we kept in touch. We got talking about the Pendle Witches and how we were both into the story, and just said we should do something on them. We didn’t know what it was going to be or how it was going to manifest itself, but we thought it would be a nice little side project to get our teeth into.

You’re fans of Belbury Poly, Broadcast and the Ghostbox label, all similarly interested in British past and folklore, re-imagined or otherwise. Were you influenced by these folks or did your experimentation with these themes and electronics come about without consideration?

Dean and I have been into a lot of 50s and 60s early electronic pioneers for years – people like Daphne Oram, Delia Derbyshire, Bruce Haack, Ruth White, Mort Garcon. Lots of music from children’s TV in the 70s when we little kids too – stuff like The Children of the Stones, The Owl Service and Sky. Weird scary kids TV. You wouldn’t dare move from behind your pillow while it was on.

I personally really love Broadcast. We love the Ghostbox label too and a lot of the artists on there. I guess we are kindred spirits in the sense of how we put music together and our influences, but I think what separates us is the words. I get the hauntology link and how things are informed by the past and echo through time, but I try and anchor those distant analogue sounds with words that walk hand-in-hand with the present and the past, the weird and the normal.

You put on quite a theatrical performance and manage to evoke a pretty eerie atmosphere...

We like to communicate with our audiences, we take chances, we provoke reactions – that doesn’t really happen with outsider electronic music too often.

The subject matter is really resonating with people. Yes, we do have someone onstage with us who does theatre and comes from the acting profession, but what we have Maxine doing in The ERC is a million miles away from the strict world of theatre and film. It sounds mad but Maxine is probably the best front person in the country right now. Seriously,

she’s fucking immense. She’s a working class outsider like us but subverting from the inside. I love her very much.

What sort of field recordings did you get?

Wind and rain on Pendle Hill, traffic noises on the side of the A666 in Bolton, a horse and cart in Chapletown. We also built a table with microphones on either side and slid a glass from one side of the table to the other to suggest meddling with a Ouija board.

You’ve released 1612 Underture on Finders Keepers Records. How did you get involved with them?

I used to mither local promoters in Sheffield to book lots of acts on Andy Votel’s Twisted Nerve label, so I met Andy quite a few times. I wanted our record to come out on a Lancashire label as it’s kind of my love letter to the area. So Dean and I set up a meeting with Andy and Doug from the label on top of a foggy hill in Edale. We passed over our first unmixed rough draft of the album to them. They played it on a portable Walkman while we stood on this bloody hill with our hoods up like bearded Mafioso types wearing cag in a bags.

For us, coming from electro pop backgrounds, it was nice to not think inside that poppy box and unlearn what we knew. That was definitely when things started to get interesting. I insisted it come out on the 400th anniversary of the hanging of the Pendle Witches and that it was released on Finders Keepers sister label Bird Records. The rest will go down in the annals of unpopular music [laughs].

Your tracks are politically motivated beyond the initial concept album, making parallels between 17th century witch trials and contemporary car crash reality TV like Jeremy Kyle. What is the thread that links the 21st century televised stocks with the fate of those persecuted in the past?

I just don’t like bullies of any kind – TV execs sat in board rooms scratching their arses while talking about what minority, what culture, what skint, poorly uneducated person with the balls to dream can we take the piss out of now?! Tuesday nights on Channel 4 between 9pm and 10pm every week without fail is that board meeting made real. It’s people being taken advantage of as entertainment for people who think they are superior. And I speak as an Undateable.

I guess our album is a tiny victory of sorts. It’s raised lots of people’s awareness about the injustice, mistreatment and misunderstanding of witches. It’s got people talking about it nationally. It’s given something marginalised a loud speaker, while at the same time addressing the current state this country is in and how the government are doing exactly the same thing now as they did then – fucking over the poor, the disabled, the unemployed, the single mothers, the low waged, the children. I see David Cameron as a Jimmy Savile type character, abusing the poor and the vulnerable, whilst Clegg is like those morally decent people who knows what he is doing is wrong but never does anything to stop it. He’s implicit. To be honest, we all are. I’ve said it before – you ain’t gonna change anything by shouting “Oggy Oggy Oggy” at the town hall steps.

The ERC will be setting up a new cassette label called Desolate Spools to release limited and exclusive ERC content, sound experiments, curious collaborations and one-of-a-kind artifacts. They will also start writing and recording the next ERC LP with Maxine Peake over the coming months.

theeccentricresearchcouncil.tumblr.com



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FILMREEL.

DJANGO UNCHAINED / A TRAVELOGUE.
JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.

‘Behold the oncoming night, black velvet woven from a thousand shreds of skin pulled by whip, oh! Tore by whip, from the back of our people, when slavery reigned...’

Thus wrote the late Angolan poet Maurício de Almeida Gomes more than 60 years ago. He did so with both clarity and an understanding of how the historical condition of an entire race can be carried through subsequent decades. Despite being a high-achiever in every sense, he understood and experienced this social branding in the flesh, for the blood of slaves almost certainly ran through his veins. Maurício de Almeida Gomes was my grandfather.

I think of him as I watch **Django Unchained**, Quentin Tarantino’s brutal Western parable set against the backdrop of slavery.

Everything you’ve been told about this film, be it hype or controversy, is set aside once it starts. It’s an artistic interpretation of a specific period of history, and it’s as much infused with Tarantino’s trademark reverence of (and reference to) sub-genres of cinema as it is with his passion for language. In the majority of his films, a foreign language when spoken becomes a subterfuge for hidden motivations and it’s often used to underline the ignorance characters share of each other’s culture. This is more than apparent in Django Unchained. When the subtitles kick in, the plot moves forward quicker than ever.

Yet most of the narrative exposition is economical and purely visual by means of viscerally violent flashbacks that are in contrast with the rest of the film’s stylised gruesomeness. The accuracy of the torture implements used to dominate and humiliate slaves is the flipside of a coin mostly dismissed as historically inaccurate. It also throws my mind back to a more recent past, when only a few weeks ago I was in Angola on one of the most important journeys of my life.

A bright white cube in the distance comes into view, seen from the passenger’s seat of a car in motion. ‘That’s the Museum of Slavery,’ states the driver matter-of-factly. A minimalist construction situated on a bay from which the vast majority of black slaves departed. Countless Angolans were extracted from this land to help ‘make Brazil’, as the same aforementioned poem exposes.

I’m in Luanda, the scarred capital of the country my grandfather loved dearly but was forced out of. I’m in the place where I was born 37 years ago and that only now I return to. A travelogue that will later be incorporated into a film ensues.

14th December 2012.

Going through the Kibala village, down a road that my father’s mother drove often half a century ago. A white woman travels with her two small children, as dwarfed by the majestic landscape of tall rocks and dense green vegetation as we are now, in a Land Rover that so easily conquers the miles ahead.

We’re heading towards Wako Kungo, formerly known as Cela. I think of my grandfather, of how he used to come to this area to work and later describe it with wonder. I welcome the shaking of the Land Rover caused by the beaten track. It conceals my weeping.

15th December 2012.

We drive past a derelict war tank, resting tilted on the side of the road. At Kissanga village, where the colonial architecture has been most ravaged by war, shy faces glance at us. A heavily pregnant woman, selling fruit by the road, leaps from slope to slope like an elegant wild goat to fetch us the bananas of our preference. ‘Only in developed countries is pregnancy considered an illness,’ my father comments. In another market, a friendly young girl tries to hand me a half-naked two-year-old baby. She smiles, as if able to read my mind. Angolan eyes are always sad, even when smiling. My camera hasn’t rolled yet.

19th December 2012.

En route to Cabo Ledo – another driver, another large vehicle. We cross the Cuanza, the long river that cuts diagonally through Angola, over an old bridge – the only one that was left standing after the war. We return via Miradouro da Lua, where we stop and are forced to put ourselves into perspective. On this crumbling vantage point over vast merciless shores, surrounded by an ancient geological identity of the lunar kind, we’re close to nothing. Transient at best.

2nd January 2013.

Mussulo is a protuberant tongue of sand which turns and looks back at the city of Luanda. Technically a peninsula, but they call it an island. This is where I have spent the last five days.

With the house on the beach and its New Year celebrations behind me, I enter the sea alone. Only a few boats rock gently around me. The warm waters feel the closest I can imagine amniotic fluid to be like. I face the place where I was born and it makes sense. The skyline is that of a city bursting at the seams. Originally built to host a few thousands, but that now contains over five million. It’s a place of extremes, of shocking contrasts. Suddenly, I understand my filmography better. The people over there are like me, with an endless ability to resurrect themselves.

I emerge from the screening into a dark, cold Sheffield. The falling snow catches the light of street lamps and sparkles as it blankets the ground I walk on. It feels as unreal as it gets.

More than a sense of satisfaction with Tarantino’s film, I feel invigorated by Django, the character. Not so unlike him, I have faced in the past that presumption of superiority rooted in prejudice. But my inner fire burns steadily now. And I’m ready to keep my grandfather’s creative flame alive - with my own.

mauriciodealmeidagomes.blogspot.co.uk
capturafilmes.blogspot.co.uk



OPUS ACOUSTICS SPRING SEASON



OPUS ACOUSTICS.

**LANTERN THEATRE, KENWOOD ROAD.
FACEBOOK.COM/OPUSACOUSTICS**

Opus Acoustics started life at The Riverside back in 2011. The idea was to book quality local acoustic acts of all genres for a weekly free entry event at a friendly and accommodating venue. Over the course of 18 months it attracted a dedicated crowd, and we began to branch out by booking national and international artists, including Liz Green, Rachael Dadd and Thomas Leeb. We also released a CD entitled At The Riverside, chock full of offerings from our favourite Opus Acoustics performers.

But for 2013 we have decided to shake things up. The new Opus Acoustics spring season features high-calibre musicians from all around the UK performing in the unique and enchanting Lantern Theatre in Nether Edge. These monthly shows will only have a capacity of a little over 80 people, and the atmosphere in the Lantern is such that we are sure they will be intimate and well worth the £5-6 door tax.

The first show of the season takes place on Thursday 7th February, when Sheffield acts The Lost Boys and Neil McSweeney will grace the stage. Following that we will host a one-off event at The Greystones with Woolly Mammoth and Rachael Dadd on 9th March. On April 11th we are back at the Lantern with Mancunian stalwart Liz Green and local act Magpies. Then on 29th May, we will welcome Bristol-based singer songwriter Rozi Plain and The Little Unsaid.

Connect with us on Facebook to find out more about individual shows and other future bookings. We recommend you book tickets in advance due to the limited number of seats available.

And for those of you who are lamenting the end of our Riverside shows, we will still be hosting occasional acoustic events there with a more upbeat flavour. Keep your eyes peeled for more details on that.



BEERX.

**13TH – 16TH MARCH. PONDS FORGE.
BEERX.ORG**

As you can see from the picture above, our very own Sheffield council leader Julie Dore is holding a BeerX flag alongside Julian Grocock, Chief Executive of The Society of Independent Brewers (SIBA). But why the celebration?

Well, taking place in Sheffield over several days this March is BeerX, the UK's largest festival of beer, bringing together artisans and professionals from every area of the brewing industry. The festival will feature between 600 and 700 beers and is organised by SIBA, who are expecting brews from as far away as the Isle of Wight, Penzance and Lowestoft. BeerX also brings together SIBA's Annual Brewing conference, including the national brewing competition, the business awards and the associate members forum, serving a variety of functions for the whole industry. The event begins on 13th March, named rather ominously 'Judging Day', then 14th is SIBA members day, with the morning and afternoon of Friday 15th marked out for industry stakeholders, from growers to brewers and landlords. These two days will combine talks and Q&A sessions with industry professionals.

The festival is open to the public from 5pm on Thursday and Friday and the whole of Saturday, a day known collectively in Now Then Magazine circles as 'Day in the Drink'. We jest of course, but beer enthusiasts and casual drinkers alike should get down to this event, because it represents a level of craft and choice unheard of on the national beer scale. Additionally the festival will host some local live music from the likes of The Dirty Fingers on Friday and Carmen Ghia and The Hotrods on Saturday. There are also discounts for students, CAMRA members and those in the armed forces, with tickets for a five-hour session as cheap as £3. Tickets and more information can be obtained from the BeerX and SIBA websites, and tickets can also be purchased on the door.

The only Sheffield beer entering the contest this year will be Abbeydale Brewery's Deception, a pale 4.1% beer made with the renowned Nelson Sauvin Hops. Those of you in the know will have been drinking this quite frankly gorgeous session ale for many a moon. Fingers crossed for an Abbeydale victory at BeerX.

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

GO BACK FOR MURDER.

**POMEGRANATE THEATRE, CHESTERFIELD.
18TH-23RD FEBRUARY.**

The Agatha Christie Theatre Company comes to Chesterfield this month with a stellar production of Go Back For Murder, adapted by Christie from her detective novel Five Little Pigs in 1960. The action centres around Carla Le Marchant, whose mother died in prison after being convicted of poisoning her father. Convinced of her mother's innocence, Carla enlists the help of lawyer Justin Fogg.

Running during the week commencing 18th February at the Pomegranate Theatre, part of the Grade II listed Stephenson Memorial Hall, Go Back For Murder looks set to be a popular production. Tickets are priced between £12 and £25. For more info, head to chesterfieldtheatres.co.uk.

JH MANN.

**SHARROW VALE ROAD.
0114 267 6390.**

In Sharrow Vale, we are truly blessed; The butcher, the baker, the (actual) candlestick maker, all within sight of each other. But here we focus on what is probably the finest purveyor of fresh fish in all the world – JH Mann.

The scent of the sea lures you in, with a sprawling bed office displaying all of their wares, from cockles to hake, tuna steaks to smoked haddock, all fresh and served with a smile. But where Mann's really goes the extra mile is in their numerous free recipes found lining the wall at the back of the shop. There is a wide selection to try out, from the safe to the adventurous, with all the ingredients available fresh on the day. We strongly recommend the fish pie.

MUSIC JUNKEE.

**62-64 CAMBRIDGE STREET.
0114 2759035.
MUSICJUNKEE.CO.UK**

For those of you unfamiliar with the gem that is Music Junkee, this is your opportunity to find out more about one of Sheffield's few remaining independent music stores; a veritable hive of new and used equipment that would sate the need of any musician, band or event organiser. Located next to the Casbah on Cambridge Street, Music Junkee sells it all, from guitars and drums to string instruments, sheet music, recording equipment and software.

They are also expanding their record shop upstairs to include hundreds more records across a whole range of genres, from indie and folk to reggae and electronic. As we all know record shops are on the decline in this country. Do all you can to support vinyl and get yourself down there.

WORLD OF SUPERHEROES.COM

**HOLLY@WORLDOFSUPERHEROES.COM
STEVE@WORLDOFSUPERHEROES.COM**

Not many people know that one of the fastest growing superhero websites in America is actually based in Sheffield. Launched only two years ago by entrepreneur, comic expert and collector Steve Eyre, World of Superheroes has grown into a global business run by his talented offspring Holly, Alex and Daniel. As well as having a vintage archive of almost every superhero comic since 1950, they are always looking to buy comic collections, artwork and related memorabilia.

Plans for 2013 include branching out into exhibitions, conventions and road shows, as well as promoting a whole range of artists and graphic illustrators online. If you have something you think might be of interest to the team, contact them on the addresses above.

THE UNIVERSITY ARMS.

**0114 222 8969.
FACEBOOK.COM/UNIVERSITYARMS**

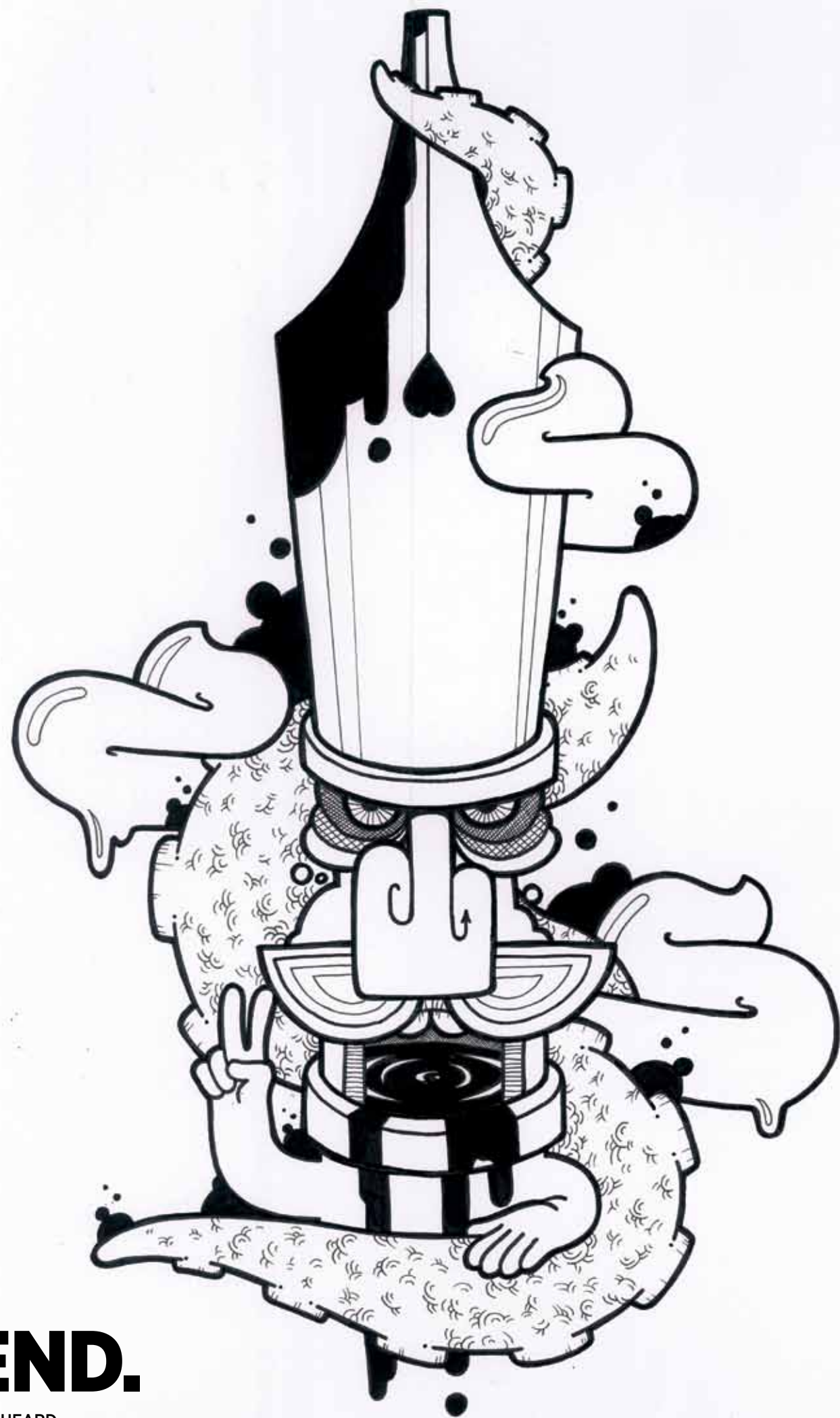
The University Arms is well known for its quality home-cooked food and large range of locally brewed artisan ales, but recently they have also been acclaimed for providing an intimate setting for a variety of free entry live music events. Coming up on 23rd February, Road House 59 play pure rock 'n' roll in true Cadillac blues style from 9pm. Then on 2nd March from 9pm, the renowned Dale and Kim Storr perform New Orleans blues through to boogie woogie. Finally, on 16th March fine purveyors of swing and rock 'n' roll Mr Train will be throwing out gems for you. Quite the host of live music possibilities indeed!

CUBANA TAPAS BAR.

**34 TRIPPET LANE.
0114 276 0475
CUBANATAPASBAR.CO.UK**

February is of course the month of love, seduction and romance, featuring as it does VALENTINE'S DAY. No excuses for forgetting people, we have used caps lock. Our suggestion for this special night is to head down to Cubanas on Trippet lane. They are doing some fantastic set menus for the 14th and the night before, and have planned a rather special eve of entertainment for the 13th featuring the legendary flamenco skills of Dave Angel.

For those not in the know, Mr Angel is a classically trained guitarist whose repertoire builds on a multi-layered frenzy of guitar loops based on Cuban rhythms. Get those seats booked in quick-fast as this will be one to remember.



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Jamie Lidell

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Bleep.com

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